



The White Room



17 0 2

Chapter 1 by Ella

White walls.

White floors.

White chair.

White is all I see. White is supposed to be the color of happiness. White is supposed to make you relax. White is supposed to make you want to be with your family, and sit by the fire, and read a story with freshly brewed tea steaming beside you. But what if you don't have a family? What if tea is illegal to have? What if you aren't allowed to have emotions, or a family, or anything it seems?

What if the only thing you are allowed to have, or feel, or see, is white.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

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